

THE
DRAMATIC CENSOR;
OR,
MONTHLY EPITOME
OF
Taste, Fashion, and Manners.

NUMBER XXVII.

FOR JULY 1800.

Totus mundus agit histrionem.

— All the World's a Stage,
And all the men and women merely Players.

SHAKSPEARE.

The *First* and *Second* Volumes of the DRAMATIC CENSOR being now completed, the Work may be had, either in separate Numbers, or in Boards, price Seven Shillings each Volume, by applying to the Publishers, J. ROACH, Russel Court, Drury-Lane; and C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall Mall.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

JUNE. FRIDAY 13.—THE HEIR AT LAW—*G. Colman.*
THE JEW AND THE DOCTOR—*T. Dibdin.*

THE Summer Theatre, in the Haymarket, opened with the above performances, on Friday, the 13th of June, under the auspices of Mr. Fawcett, as acting manager; and with such fair prospects as augur a very brilliant and

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successful.

successful career. As usual on the return of a new season, a variety of changes have taken place, with respect to the *muster* of the company. Among the *discharges*, whether from mandate or from choice, we principally notice the names of Mrs. Harlowe, Miss Heard, and Mr. W. Davies: —the leading *recruits* are, Mrs. Mountain, Miss Gaudry, Mr. Emery, and Mr. Farley. This latter gentleman is rather too conspicuously obtruded upon the scene, and in many instances appears to have “greatness thrust upon him.”

As many of the characters in the Comedy were this evening sustained literally *by proxy*, (the original and authorized representatives being absent on duty at Drury-Lane) it would be ungenerous to canvas the efforts of friendly accommodation with a rigid scrutiny. Mr. Waddy was the *locum tenens* of Suett, as *Daniel Dowlas*; Mr. H. Johnston appeared in the same capacity, for Mr. Barrymore, as *Dick Dowlas*; and Miss Chapman undertook the part of *Caroline Dormer*, in the absence of Miss De Camp. The audience accorded them the indulgence due to the circumstances under which they came forward; and to equal liberality and indulgence are they entitled, on the part of the critic.

Far different is the case with respect to Mr. Emery, who being now *naturalized* upon the Haymarket Stage, forms the legitimate object of critical animadversion. He made his *debut* this evening, at the Summer Theatre, in the character of *Zekiel Homespun*. This part, which among the male *Dramatis Personæ*, ranks next, perhaps, in interest to the renowned *Doctor Pangloss*, was one of Mr. Munden’s best performances, and in his hands proved a source of irresistible comic attraction. But what a falling-off in Mr. Emery’s delineation! There is a kind of ferocity in this gentleman’s looks—whether habitual or assumed, we pretend not to determine—which ill befits that happy combination

of

nation of rustic archness and simplicity which form the leading *traits* in *Zekiel's* character, as ably depicted by Mr. Colman. The scene, in which Mr. Emery appears to the greatest advantage in this Play, is precisely that, in which this self-same ferocity of countenance accords with the incident; to wit, in the scene where he resents *Dick's* dishonourable views respecting his sister *Cicely*. There, indeed, he “suits the look, as well as the action, to the word.”

Another great, and sorry are we to add permanent, detraction from the interest and effect of this Comedy, results from the much and justly regretted illness of Mr. Aickin. 'Tis with the most lively emotions of grief that we apprise our readers, that there are no hopes of this gentleman's return to the Stage. The force and feeling which he gave to the amiable character of *Stedfast*—a character, indeed, strongly resembling his own for manly bearing, probity and truth—must, we are persuaded, have made a strong, indelible impression on the minds of all such of our readers, as have had an opportunity of witnessing his performance in that part. The noble sentiments attributed to *Stedfast* by the author, came mended and improved from Aickin's tongue; and the ready, rapturous applause which the audience paid to those sentiments, when by *him* delivered, evinced the potency of virtue, when adequately inculcated. Though lost, we fear, to the Stage, long may he live, restored to health and tranquil ease, an ornament to society, a blessing to all around him! May a peaceful “green age” be his portion, till matured for higher enjoyments, he shall at length be summoned from this sublunary sphere to reap the harvest of his hopes and virtues, in more congenial skies, and climes immortal!

The rest of the characters remained with their original representatives. Their merits, in their several lines, are too

well-known, and too universally acknowledged, to require any comment on the present occasion.

A young Lady, of the name of Gaudry, made her appearance in the farce, as *Emily*. Her figure is light, delicate, and airy; her countenance prepossessing, and her voice pleasing, though not powerful. But time, no doubt, for she seems to be very young, will greatly improve her abilities.

Farley, as *Changeable*, did not please us so much as his predecessor, Mr. R. Palmer; nor is Miss Chapman sufficiently lively and *bardinè* for the part of *Mrs. Changeable*.

SATURDAY, 14.—THE JEW—*Cumberland*. BLUE DEVILS.—*Colman*—CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

IT must be obvious to our readers, that neither the plan, nor the limits of our publication, will permit us to descant individually on the performances of each night. In recording the transactions of a whole month, selection becomes indispensably necessary; and, in the arrangement of that selection, we are naturally led to give the preference to *novelties*. And when it is further considered, that it is the very circumstance of *their being novelties*, which constitutes the principal merit of the major part of our modern dramatic productions, the reader, we are convinced, will feel with us the necessity of making them objects of primary (as far, at least, as the word implies *early*) attention. A future opportunity will doubtless offer of investigating the claims of standard pieces, and such as do not possess so strong a claim to immediate notice. Let it be remembered, that independent of our miscellaneous department, we have no less than three new dramas to comment upon in the present Number.

MONDAY,

MONDAY, 16.—INKLE AND YARICO—*Colman.* 'Tis
ALL A FARCE—*Allingham.*

MRS. MOUNTAIN made her first appearance on the Hay-market boards this evening, in the character of *Yarico*. She was received, as she richly deserved, with a degree of warmth and enthusiasm, that must have been highly grateful to her feelings. To her claims, as a *singer*, she adds (what we rarely find associated in one and the same person) the qualifications requisite to constitute a *performer*. As such, she would be an inestimable acquisition to Covent Garden, as a countervailing attraction to the melodious warblings of Mrs. Bland, who, in her line, is a “pillar of strength” to Drury-Lane. The *bravura*, which she introduced in the course of the Opera, afforded her a fair opportunity to display the extent of her powers, and evinced the improvement she has made under the auspices of Rauzzini. It was loudly *encored*.

Miss Gaudry, as *Narcissa*, likewise gained, in no inconsiderable degree, upon the public favour, and executed the Airs, incidental to the part, with taste and judgment. Standing, as he does, in Mr. Munden's shoes, Emery has a difficult *up-hill* enterprize to accomplish. He can never hope to prove a gainer by being placed in the scale of comparison with that actor. The contrast between his delineation of the character of *Sir Christopher Curry*, and Mr. Munden's manner, is certainly not in his favour. These remarks, however, must not be misconstrued into a wish to depreciate from Mr. Emery's merit—for merit that gentleman certainly does possess, and happy shall we be to seize every opportunity of awarding him his just share of commendation—but are merely to be considered as the dictates of

upright

upright and well-meaning, however erring and defective, criticism.

After the *Opera*, was performed, for the first time, a Farce, in Two Acts, bearing the significant, (and, with reference to its own character, appropriate) title, '*Tis all a Farce*. The author, Mr. Allingham, has already made his appeal, and not unsuccessfully, to the public, as a Dramatic Writer, by a former Farce, called *Fortune's Frolic*. Sorry are we to be under the necessity of saying, that he has not improved upon that production. His present work is, in every point of view, greatly inferior to its predecessor. It exhibits one unvaried tissue of improbabilities, garnished out with a miserable collection of puns and quibbles, to which are superadded, by way of seasoning, *inuendos* and *equivoques*, not of the most delicate allusion. In bustle, indeed, if that be admitted as an adequate compensation for the defects we have specified, it richly abounds. 'Tis hurry and confusion—not a moment's rest, a moment's pause—from first to las; and leaves, on the dropping of the curtain, nearly the same impression upon the spectator's mind, as we are apt to experience from the faint recollection of a dream, the images of which are indistinct, and not duly connected with and reproductive of each other.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Belgardo,</i>	- - -	Mr. Farley.
<i>Alphonso,</i>	- - -	Mr. J. Palmer.
<i>Gortez,</i>	- - - -	Mr. Emery.
<i>Testy,</i>	- - - -	Mr. Davenport.
<i>Numps,</i>	- - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Caroline</i>	- - - -	Miss Menage.

The plot, which, as we have already remarked, is of a very complex nature, and rather pantomimically acted, than regularly

regularly developed by the dialogue, hinges chiefly on the following circumstances:—the scene is laid in Spain—

A mutual attachment subsists between *Belgardo* and *Caroline*, unknown to the father of the latter, who entertains an inveterate hatred against *Belgardo's* family, and has destined his daughter to be the bride of *Alonzo*, son to his old friend *Testy*. *Gortez*, it appears, has never seen the gentleman whom he designs to make his son-in-law. This circumstance *Belgardo* takes advantage of to pass himself upon the old gentleman, as the intimate friend of *Alonzo*; and under this character acquires his confidence. His scheme, however, is nearly frustrated by the sudden arrival of *Alphonso* himself. But *Belgardo* extricates himself from this dilemma, by representing his rival as an impostor; and his servant having received his cue, seconds the deception, by pretending an acquaintance with *Alonzo*, who, he affirms, is no other than a barber. *Gortez* gives credit to the tale, and dismisses his intended son-in-law with indignity.

A duel between *Belgardo* and *Alphonso* is the consequence, in which *Alphonso* is defeated, and left for dead. *Belgardo*, apprehensive for his safety, has recourse to flight, and stumbling upon a sleeping valet out of place, of the name of *Numps*, exchanges dress with him. Soon after *Numps* awakes, and contemplating his new equipment with astonishment, vents his surprize in a series of ludicrous self-interrogatories and reflections. His reveries are rather unpleasantly interrupted by the entrance of the officers of Justice, who, deceived by his habit, arrest him, notwithstanding his solemn pretensions of innocence, for the murder supposed to have been committed by *Belgardo*. *Numps* has, however, the good fortune to escape; and meeting with *Belgardo*, is willing to exchange the fine clothes he has so unaccountably become possessed of, for his own humble attire.

attire. But *Belgardo* insists upon his appearing a second time in a strange character, and compels him to personate *Alphonso*. *Numps*, finding resistance vain, accedes to the requisition, and accompanies *Belgardo* to the house of *Gortez*, to whom he is introduced as the intended husband of *Caroline*.

Meanwhile the arrival of *Testy* is announced. *Belgardo* a second time escapes detection, by working upon the credulity of *Gortez*, who suffers himself to be persuaded, that his old friend will feel highly indignant, if he does not find his son already married to *Caroline*. *Belgardo*, still passing off *Numps* for *Alphonso*, offers to procure the immediate performance of the nuptial ceremony, an offer which *Gortez* eagerly accepts; and, urging the necessity of dispatch, prepares to meet his friend *Testy*. The *denouement* may be easily conjectured; *Belgardo* seizes the golden opportunity; espouses *Caroline*; an explanation ensues, and the piece terminates with the reconciliation of all the parties.

Such are the leading features of the new Farce, which, as the reader will perceive, possesses as little claim to novelty, as it does to regularity. Its reception was but indifferent, yet fully adequate to its merit. Indeed, its greatest recommendation consisted avowedly in the acting of Mr. Fawcett, who exerted all his coarse strength, his broad-farce whim and eccentricity in the part of *Numps*. The rest of the performers are scarcely entitled to notice. Farley is not the most felicitous, when he personates the fine gentleman, or the lover, for which latter character he is much too insipid. Emery seems to think that nothing more is requisite to depict old age, than an awkward bend at the knees. The vollies of strange oaths, of *dammes* and *devils*, which this gentleman and Mr. Davenport let fly between them in alternate succession, exceeded any instance we ever remember to have witnessed in a piece of equal brevity. But whether they

they were indulging their own humour in these imprecations, or that of the author, we shall not presume to determine. Of Mr. J. Palmer's *Alphonso*, we shall charitably say nothing.

TUESDAY, 17.—*ZORINSKI—Morton.—'Tis ALL A FARCE—Allingham.*

FOR the reasons already assigned, page 4, we must defer our remarks on *Zorinski* till our next. Miss Gaudry sustained the character of *Rosolia*, the part heretofore performed by Miss Heard.

WEDNESDAY, 18.—*SIGHS, OR THE DAUGHTER—P. Hoare. 'Tis ALL A FARCE—Allingham.*

WITHOUT entering into a discussion of the merits of this Play, (which we shall take a future opportunity of investigating) we shall briefly animadvert on a glaring inconsistency, which calls for immediate redress, in the scenic department; or, technically speaking, in its *getting-up*. The grand incident on which the Play hinges, respects the singular circumstance of a father living under the same roof with his own daughter, yet without knowing her; corresponding with her by letter, under the supposition that she is far distant, at the same time that he is daily in the habit of seeing, esteeming, and admiring her. *Louisa* effects her admission into her uncle's house by means of a secret understanding between herself and *Mrs. Rose*, who passes her off for her own child. This then is a secret of the utmost importance: yet important as the secret is, it forms the subject of loud and unguarded conversation between *Louisa* and *Josephine*, in the very presence of *Von Snarl's* clerks, who are only separated from the parties by the wainscot partition of the counting-house, the door of which stands wide open, and thus affords them an opportunity of hearing every word

that passes. This is an incongruity which incontrovertibly ought to be obviated.

Fawcett's wig, as *Totum*, is too grotesque even for the ridiculous part he sustains. It is an absolute *caricature*, and loses all claim to characteristic propriety. When *Ellen* obliges *Louisa*, at that Lady's express desire, with a song, it would be but polite in *Louisa* to honour her with some small portion of attention. At all events, however intent she may be upon her needle-work, the looks which she ever and anon directs to the side-scenes might, with greater propriety, be turned to *Ellen*.

THURSDAY, 19.—SURRENDER OF CALAIS—*Colman.*
'TIS ALL A FARCE—*Allingham.*

MR. CAULFIELD succeeds Mr. Dayies in his *kingly* parts: the two performers are nearly on a *par*; but we must confess, that Miss Chapman's *Queen* does not atone to us for the absence of Mrs. Harlowe. This Lady has an habitual frown, which becomes more repelling, when contrasted, as in the case of the present Play, with the sweet, fascinating smiles of Miss De Camp. The remainder of the principal *Dramatis Personæ* rested with their original representatives.

FRIDAY, 20.—THE HEIR AT LAW—*Colman.* THE
FLITCH OF BACON—*H. Bate.*

This evening Mr. Suett, Mr. Barrymore, and Miss De Camp severally resumed their parts, as *Lord Duberly*, *Dick Dowlas*, and the amiable *Caroline Dormer*; which, as we observed, in the commencement of the present number, were sustained, *by proxy*, on the former representation of this favourite and attractive Comedy.

In the Musical Entertainment, Mrs. Mountain came forward for the first time on this stage, in the character of *Eliza*,

Eliza, and was, if possible, more warmly greeted by the audience than on her first appearance.

SATURDAY, 21.—INKLE AND YARICO—*Colman*. 'TIS ALL A FARCE—*Allingham*. FORTUNE'S FROLIC—*Allingham*.

Fortune's Frolic is a light, pleasing, eccentric production, richly entitled to that modest share of praise to which it aspires; to wit, that of a vehicle for exciting a spirit of harmless mirth, good-will and gaiety. The sentiments, though not new, nor striking, are liberal, and founded on the basis of expanded philanthropy. The main interest of the piece, in the representation, rests with Fawcett. Palmer, who personates the *Ghost*, roars rather too lustily for the *incorporeal* character. His tones, we are led to think, would carry with them a more ghostly sound, by being more hollow, lugubrious, indistinct, and solemn.

MONDAY, 23.—SIGHS, OR THE DAUGHTER—*P. Hoare*.
THE JEW AND THE DOCTOR—*T. Dibdin*.

TUESDAY, 24.—ZORINSKI—*Morton*. 'TIS ALL A FARCE—*Allingham*.

WEDNESDAY, 25.—SIGHS, OR THE DAUGHTER—*P. Hoare*. 'TIS ALL A FARCE—*Allingham*.

THURSDAY, 26.—SURRENDER OF CALAIS—*G. Colman*.
'TIS ALL A FARCE—*Allingham*.

Mrs. Mountain, in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Bland, supported this evening, for the first time, the part of *Madelon* in the Comedy. She acquitted herself in a manner which gave universal satisfaction, and which fully justifies

the opinion we delivered of her powers in page 5, of this Number.

FRIDAY, 27.—THE HEIR AT LAW—*Colman.* MY GRANDMOTHER—*P. Hoare.*

A Mrs. King made her first appearance this evening, in the entertainment, in the character of *Florella*. Miss Gaudry sustained the part of *Charlotte*.

SATURDAY, 28.—THE JEW—*Cumberland.* THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE—*O'Keefe.*

FEW performers ever retained their influence over the public, after surviving the loss of their powers, in such an eminent degree, as does Mr. Charles Bannister. The truth of this assertion is demonstrable from the cordial warmth with which he is universally received by the audience. Candour, however, obliges us to observe, that we, for our part, experience rather pain than pleasure from his singing. It reminds us too forcibly of what he *once* was, and excites in our breasts the sigh of regret, that he is not in a situation to pass the evening of his days more at his ease and comfort. Charles is deservedly a favourite with the public: his soul has ever been open, generous and sincere; his failings—and what man is exempt from failings?—have been the result of a warm temperament, not of a depraved heart—the result of a spring-tide flow of animal spirits, not of a sordid, vicious inclination.—Charles Bannister is no man's enemy, but *his own*.

Mrs. Mountain, who is daily and deservedly rising in popularity, supported this evening, for the first time, the character of *Laura*, in the Farce.

MONDAY,

MONDAY, 30.—THE HEIR AT LAW—*Colman.* THE FLITCH OF BACON—*H. Bate.*

JULY, TUESDAY 1.—PEEPING TOM—*Colman.* FORTUNE'S FROLIC—*Allingham.* THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE—*O'Keefe.*

THE part of *Maud*, in *Peeping Tom*, by Mrs. Gibbs, for the first time. Mr. Trueman represented *Harold*, formerly Mr. Davies's character.

WEDNESDAY, 2.—BLUE DEVILS—*Colman.* THE JEW AND THE DOCTOR—*T. Dibdin.* OBI; or, THREE-FINGERED JACK—**Fawcett.*

AMIDST the general outcry raised by all intelligent and reflecting men against the lamentable degeneracy of the public taste, and more particularly against the increasing frivolity of the national Drama, one of the main causes of the evil complained of seems to have escaped observation. We allude to a system of *dramatic monopoly*, which has produced the same effects with reference to the Stage, as monopoly does in commercial concerns, by precluding that spirit of emulation which leads to excellence. A certain *junto* of *mechanical play-wrights* had already sufficiently

* So at least we are pompously told, contrary to established custom and dramatic precedent, in the title-page of the Books of the Songs, &c. sold at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Fawcett has likewise had recourse to another *innovation*, to establish his literary fame, and give the town, especially the Ladies, (we would not be understood to mean the *filles de joie*) a convincing proof of his *scholarship*, by affixing a *Latin motto* (a custom we do not remember to have seen practised before on similar occasions) to the title-page of his songs.

engrossed

engrossed the stage, to render it almost impossible for a new candidate to edge *in. They had completely the ear of the manager; and as a season will only admit of a certain number of new pieces to be brought forward, they took care to provide, from their own manufactory, a sufficient assortment to overstock the market. As the wares they furnished were all nearly on a *par*, with respect to quality, there could be no fear of their success, for by producing nothing but trash, they kept each other in countenance; and the town, finding from experience, that there was no chance of being better served, under the existing system, and that each piece was successively viler and viler, had no longer any interest in rejecting the miserable compositions that were ever and anon dished up for their repast. As it is in the course of human nature for habit to reconcile us to things originally the most unpleasant and disgusting, the public palate, after a few qualms, gradually grew accustomed to the unwholesome fare on which it regaled; and at length became so totally depraved and debauched, that it actually found a relish in the very *offals* at which it originally heaved. Thus the natural

* The evil produced by this miserable *junto* does not stop here. It is not merely the almost total exclusion of any new candidate that they have effected; but they have in a manner proscribed our tried and approved veterans of the Drama. To such a hopeless degree have they debauched the public taste, and so securely have they entrenched themselves in the strong holds of their own dullness, that a writer of repute and talents is afraid to venture among them. Mr. Murphy, I have been told, has frequently assigned this as the reason for his secession from the stage, as a writer. I have been given to understand, that he has long had by him two regular dramas, in a state completely finished; but which he prudently refrains to bring forward, whilst the Stage is so entirely over-ruled by a clan of caricaturists, and retailers of *Joe Miller*.

taste

taste grew daily more and more vitiated, and left little hopes of cure and reformation.

Still, though little, *some* hope might be entertained by those who sanguinely wished to see the Drama restored to its pristine splendor and dignity. The prospect, indeed, was gloomy, and the object of their desires at an immense distance; yet, whilst there existed the least ray of hope, the friends of legitimate drama were willing to foster and cherish it. But now, by a master-stroke of policy, by the association of those who manufacture Plays, and those who are to act them, almost the very last sparks of hope in this respect, are annihilated and extinguished. Now that actors, from performing a long series of unmeaning nonsense, have discovered that little brain is necessary to produce a modern Play, (and that a very successful one) and that money may be more easily got by scribbling than by acting, (which latter employment is rather the more fatiguing of the two, especially in the dog-days) now that they have made this important discovery, the two trades promise shortly to blend and unite in one, and then good bye to sense and rationality. The attempt has already been made, and but too successfully, by ******, ******, *****, and ****, and several others of less note and delinquency; the example is rapidly growing into precedent, and Fawcett, in the present production, has contributed his share to render the system permanent. It would not excite surprize, were actors even to carry matters so far, as to form a combination for the exclusion of all persons from the drama but themselves.

But to return from this digression—the importance of which, we trust, will apologize for its length—the reader is to be informed, that the very idea of bringing out a Pantomime at this Theatre was in itself a *novelty*, and worthy the enlightened genius of the great man whose name it bears, as well as the talents of his skilful co-adjutor,

Mr.

Mr. Farley, whom we are led to suspect of having taken a greater share in the production of *Three-Fingured Jack*, than is publicly ascribed to him. Not that we discover anything in this Pantomime, to which even the abilities of Fawcett are not fully adequate—we exclude not even the songs, which, with the exception of a plaintive Air in Act II, now omitted, are such a *Grub-street collection*, that the worst ballad-monger in town might be ashamed to avow himself the author—but because we have good reason to believe, that Mr. Farley's *naturalization* on the boards of the Haymarket Theatre, is materially connected with the production of this Pantomime. Not, however, to trespass longer on the patience of our readers, we shall at once proceed to give some account of this piece, which appears to have gained a fast hold on the favour and partiality of the town.

We are given to understand, in an advertisement which prefaces the Songs, that this Pantomimical Drama is founded on a matter of fact, which occurred in the Island of Jamaica in the year 1780, and of which an account is given by Dr. Moseley, in his Treatise on Sugars. But as the historical transactions recorded in that publication, did not furnish an adequate stock of materials for a complete Dramatic Entertainment, it was necessary to interweave a *quantum sufficit* of fictitious incidents with the original story. To enable our readers to judge of the value of these *addenda*, as well as in general to ascertain in how far the story is grounded on historic fact, and in how far on innovation, we select the following particulars from the copious list of extracts, which are annexed to the Song Books.

These Extracts begin with an Account of the Science of *Obi*, a species of magic, originally brought from Africa, and practised by the negroes in the West India Islands. But as the authors of the new Pantomime have scarcely availed themselves at all of these mysterious rites, though in judicious

cious hands they would have furnished an excellent source of embellishment, far superior to any of the adventitious circumstances interwoven in the transaction by Mr. Fawcett and his colleagues, we may dispense with this part of the account, except in as far as it refers immediately to the person of our hero, the redoutable *Three-Fingered Jack*, of whom Dr. Moseley speak thus—

“ I saw the *Obi* of the famous Negro Robber, *Three-Fingured Jack*, the terror of Jamaica, in 1780. The Maroons who slew him brought it to me.

“ His *Obi* consisted of the end of a goat’s horn, filled with a compound of grave dirt, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat, all mixed into a kind of paste. A cat’s foot, a dried toad, a pig’s tail, a slip of virginal parchment of kid-skin, with characters marked in blood on it, were also in his *Obian* bag.

“ These, with a keen sabre, and two guns, like *Robinson Crusoe*, were all his *Obi*; with which, and his courage in descending into the plains, and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses, among the mountains, commanding the only access to them, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the Civil Power and the neighbouring Militia of the Island at defiance, for nearly two years.

“ He had neither accomplice nor associate. There were a few runaway negroes in the woods near Mount Lebanon, the place of his retreat; but he had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he trusted no one—he scorned assistance—he ascended above Spartacus—he robbed alone—he fought all his battles alone—and always killed his pursuers.

“ By his magic, he was not only the dread of the negroes, but there were many white people who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power.

" But even *Jack* himself was born to die.

" Allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in Proclamations, dated the 12th of December, 1780, and 13th of January, 1781 ; and, by a Resolution of the House of Assembly, which followed the first Proclamation ; two negroes, named *Quashee* and *Sam*, both of Scott's Hall, Maroon Town, with a party of their townsmen, went in search of him.

" *Quashee*, before he set out on the Expedition, got himself Christianized, and changed his name to *James Reeder*.

" The expedition commenced ; and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods, for three weeks, and blockading, as it were, the deepest recesses of the most inaccessible part of the Island, where *Jack*, far remote from all human society, resided—but in vain.

" *Reeder* and *Sam*, tired with this mode of war, resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat ; and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt.

" They took with them a little boy, a proper spirit, and a good shot, and left the rest of the party.

" These three, whom I well knew, had not been long separated from their companions, before their cunning eyes discovered, by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way.

" They softly followed these impressions, making not the least noise. Presently they discovered a smoke.

" They prepared for war. They came upon *Jack* before he perceived them. He was roasting *plaintains* by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave.

" *Jack*'s looks were fierce and terrible. He told them he would kill them.

" *Reeder*, instead of shooting *Jack*, replied, that his *Obi* had no power to hurt him ; for he was Christianized, and that his name was no longer *Quashee*.

Jack

"*Jack* knew *Reeder*; and, as if paralysed, he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlass.

"These two had a severe engagement several years before, in the woods, in which conflict *Jack* lost the two fingers, which furnished the origin of his present name; but *Jack* then beat *Reeder*, and almost killed him, with several others who assisted him, and they fled from *Jack*.

"Without farther parley, *Jack*, with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave.

"*Reeder's* gun missed fire—*Sam* shot him in the shoulder. *Reeder*, like an English bull-dog, never looked, but, with his cutlass in his hand, plunged headlong down after *Jack*. The descent was about thirty yards, and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses in the fall.

"The little boy, who was ordered to keep back out of harm's way, now reached the top of the precipice, and during the fight shot *Jack* in the belly.

"*Sam* was crafty, and coolly took a round-about way to get to the field of action. When he arrived at the spot where it began, *Jack* and *Reeder* had closed, and had tumbled together down another precipice on the side of the mountain, in which fall they both lost their weapons.

"*Sam* descended after them, and likewise lost his cutlass among the trees and bushes, in getting down.

"When he came to them, though without weapons, they were not idle; and, luckily for *Reeder*, *Jack's* wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony.

"*Sam* came up just time enough to save *Reeder*; for *Jack* had caught him by the throat with his giant's grasp—*Reeder* then with his right-hand almost cut off, and *Jack* streaming with blood from his shoulder and belly: both covered with gore and gashes.

"In this state *Sam* was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle.

"The little boy soon after found his way to them. He had a cutlass, with which they cut off *Jack's* head, and three-fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay; followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of *Jack's Obi*, blowing their shells and horns, and firing guns in their rude method. They carried them to Kingston and Spanish Town, and claimed the rewards offered by the King's proclamation and the House of Assembly."

Having thus possessed our readers with the historical facts, on which the New Pantomime of *Three-Fingered Jack* is founded, the best mode of enabling them to judge in how far the getters-up of the Pantomime have adhered to these documents, and in how far the deviations they have indulged themselves in, are judicious or not, is, in our opinion, to follow up the above extracts with a specification of the incidents, as they severally succeed each other, scene by scene; which we shall give in the precise words of the *Prospectus*, prefixed to the Songs, accompanying this detail with occasional remarks, notes, and illustrations—

"DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Three-fingered Jack</i>	- - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Capt. Orford</i>	- - - -	Mr. Farley.
<i>Planter</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Caulfield.
<i>Overseer</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Trueman.
<i>Tuckey</i>	- - - - -	Master Menage.
<i>Quashee</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Emery.
<i>Sam</i>	- - - - -	Mr. J. Palmer.
<i>Jonkanoo*</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Hawtin.
<i>Rosa</i>	- - - - -	Miss De Camp.
<i>Quashee's Wife</i>	- - -	Mrs. Mountain.
<i>Sam's Wife</i>	- - - -	Miss Gaudry.
<i>Obi-Woman</i>	- - - -	Mr. Abbott.

* *Jonkanoo*, we are told, is a grotesque character, equipped with a ludicrous and enormously large false head, and presides at the negro balls in Jamaica, in the capacity of master of the ceremonies.

SCENE

"SCENE—*The Island of JAMAICA.*

"ACT I.

"SCENE 1.—A View of extensive Plantations. The Planter's House, on one side; Great Gates, on the other. Preparations to celebrate the Birth-day of *Rosa*, the Planter's Daughter. *Captain Orford's* arrival, from England;—previously announced by his Black Boy, *Tuckey*, bringing a letter. The Captain's introduction to *Rosa*, by her Father;—his admiration of her beauty;—his departure, after a short morning visit;—and his speedy return, occasioned by his being stunned by a * blow, from *Three-Fingered Jack*. *Rosa's* anxiety. Panick of the Slaves, at the name of *Jack*;—and the superior courage of the two Negroes, *Quashee* and *Sam*.

"SCENE 2.—An Apartment, in the Planter's House. *Captain Orford* appears;—much recovered from the blows he has received.—His profession of love to *Rosa*. The

* Poor *Captain Orford* is singularly unfortunate throughout the whole of this adventure. He is, indeed, the only object on which *Three-Fingered Jack* wreaks his active fury; and we scarcely know which most to admire, the strange fatality with which the Captain is continually getting into scrapes, or the equally strange fatality with which he as constantly gets over them. He appears to have as many lives as a cat; endures pummelling like a stock-fish, and values stabbing and shooting no more than he would the bite of a musquetto. In what manner, or with what weapons, the blow was given him by *Three-Fingered Jack*, on the present occasion, we are at a loss to tell. From the suddenness of his recovery, we should be almost tempted to believe it to be little more than a slap in the face, were it not that the Captain being equipped with a sword, it would call his gallantry in question, to suppose him capable of suffering *Jack* to apply his three-fingered paw to his forehead in so rude and ungentlemanly a manner.

Planter's

Planter's resolution to unite him with *Rosa*, in marriage.—Proclamation for the apprehension of *Three-Fingered Jack*. Preparations for a Shooting Party.

SCENE 3.—Inside of an *Obi-Woman's* Cave. Descent of *Negro Robbers* into the Cave. Their Homage to the *Obi-Woman*, who presents them with *Obi*. The sudden and secret entrance of *Three-Fingered Jack*. His rage at the Proclamation issued against him. His *Obi-Horn* filled by the *Obi-Woman*; and his Ceremonies to prevent the Negroes betraying him. Dance, and Carousal, of the *Negroes*. An * Alarm. The mysterious disappearance of *Jack*, in consequence

* On the first representation of this magnificent Drama, it was my lot to post myself (the theatre being most gloriously crowded) in a corner slip of that part of the front boxes, technically denominated *The Basket*. This afforded me an opportunity of collecting the opinions of a variety of judicious neighbours; but I was peculiarly entertained and edified with the remarks of an Irish gentleman, on my right, and the criticisms of an elderly gentlewoman, who, with a little boy on the one side, and a girl apparently about thirteen on the other, sat immediately behind me. On the *alarm*, as it is here styled, being given, whilst the Negro banditti were engaged in their warlike exercises, “Arrah! by Jasus!”—exclaims my Irish neighbour—“we shall have bloody work of it now! To it! my brave boys!”—Seeing them all throw themselves at full length on their faces, instead of sallying forth, as he expected, to meet the enemy—“Blood and oons!”—he vociferated,—“What a parcel of chicken-hearted poltroons! I wish I had the drilling of them!”

The *Obi-woman* now advances, and with a bunch of feathers, tied to the end of a long pole, gently touches the *posterior*s of the prostrate groupe.—“La! Mamma, (cries the little boy behind) ‘is that nasty woman going to give them a whipping?’”—“By ‘Jasus! and serve them right, too, (interrupted my Irish companion)

consequence of it. Astonishment of the *Negroes*;—and their descent, still deeper, into the Cave.

“ SCENE 4.—*A Promontory*; with a view of the Sea; and a Boat at anchor. The *Planter*, *Captain Orford*, and *Tuckey*, with * Shooting Party. Jack’s ascent from the *Obi-Woman’s Cave*, and his ambush. † *Tuckey* cast into the

“ nion) give it them sweetly, my good old dame—down with “ their brogues, and lay it on properly.”—“ Why sure, Mam- “ ma, (quoth the young lady) she won’t make them strip in pub- “ lic.” Mamma significantly shook her head, and the piece pro- ceeded.

On the lifting up of a trap-door on the stage, which I supposed to be a means of concealment devised by *Jack*, till I found from the *Prospectus*, that it was designed to represent “ their descent still deeper into the cave;”—and the disappearance of the negroes, young Miss resumed the discourse—“ Look, Mamma, the “ old woman’s sending them all to bed without their supper, after “ flogging them!”—Little Master trembled, as if he had not unfrequently been served in the same manner.

* After the serious warning, which the *Captain* had just received of the danger of venturing within *Jack’s* reach, and the issuing of a Proclamation for the apprehension of that free-booter, we should justly have expected that he would be a little upon his guard how he threw himself into *Jack’s* way a second time. Yet, from the manner in which the representation is got up, it should appear, that it was a preconcerted plan with the *Captain’s* friends, to expose him to danger. They leave him in the most rocky and solitary part of the country, with no other attendant than his lad *Tuckey*.

† *Tuckey*, on his being thrown into the sea; or, what is the same thing, on an *image* made to represent him, being thus hurled, gains a boat, and paddles off. But, what is not a little singular, his rowing produces no effect on the water.

With nimble oar he ploughs the ocean,
But not a single wave is set in motion.

This

the Sea. *Captain Orford* wounded, and then captured by *Jack*. Distress of the *Planter*; and terror of the *Slaves*.

“ SCENE 5.—*Montago Bay*, in *Jamaica*. *Tuckey’s* relation of *Captain Orford’s* and his own Adventure, with *Three-Fingered Jack*. The *Planter’s* dejection, and *Rosa’s* grief. * Proclamation of Reward, by the Officers of Government, for killing *Three-Fingered Jack*. The two Negroes, *Quashee* and *Sam*, undertake to encounter him. They are joined by *Tuckey*. *Quashee’s* request to be christianized, that he may overmatch *Jack*.

“ SCENE 6.—Outside of part of the *Overseer’s* House, with Grounds adjacent. A March. *Quashee’s* and *Sam’s* return from the Church, after the Christening of *Quashee*. Preparations for the Expedition against *Jack*. Rejoicings of the Slaves. A Negro Ball.

“ ACT II.

“ SCENE 1.—An accurate Representation of the Inside of a *Slave’s Hut*, in *Jamaica*. *Quashee* and *Sam* taking leave of their Wives and Children. *Tuckey* with them. *Rosa* comes to them, in Boys Cloaths; and obtains their consent to accompany them, on their Expedition.

This preposterous over-sight, with respect to the management of the scenery, might easily be rectified.

* Among the delicate, sentimental *traits*, which the author has, with wonderful ingenuity, introduced into this sublime drama, the idea of holding up two little children to read the Proclamation, which promises 300l. and *freedom* to their *daddies*, for undertaking the adventure of killing *Jack*, is peculiarly beautiful. My Irish Gentleman affected to cavil at this incident—“ How, the devil! should the brats have learnt to read?”—But the lady behind us soon set him right, by observing, that they had, no doubt, been *teached* to read at a *Sunday School*!

“ SCENE

"SCENE 2.—A Sea Beach. *Negro Robbers* prowling for Plunder: *Three-Fingered Jack's* appearance among them—their submission to him—and his departure. The **Robbers* roused from their concealment, by the *Party* in quest of *Jack*. *Jack's* re-appearance; and the *Robbers'* awe of his *Obi-Horn*.

"SCENE 3.—*A Promontory*: with the Mouth of *Jack's* Cave. A violent Storm of Rain, Wind, † Thunder, and Lightening. *Quashee, Sam, Tuckey, and Rosa*. *Rosa's* fatigue. Her entrance into the mouth of the cave, for rest, and shelter, while the rest of the party proceed. She is followed by *Jack*.

"SCENE 4.—A Subterranean Passage. *Rosa* surprised by *Jack*. His intention of shooting her changed to making her his servant.

* " Scene

* This scene is entitled to peculiar notice, in a two-fold view. In the first place, the idea of six stout fellows, inured to plunder, being frightened at the appearance of *two*, is so perfectly natural, and characteristic, that we cannot help admiring it; nor can we less admire the dexterity with which *Quashee* contrives to discharge his musket at a thicket, scarcely bigger than a furze-bush, in which no less than six men have hid themselves, without hurting so much as a hair of their head!

† The *thunder* here mentioned is entirely confined to the *Prospectus*. My Irish companion, who had long waited, in vain, in expectation of hearing it—indeed he expected the *thunder to come first*, as first in the order of narration—grew impatient. Giving me a gentle jog—"Arrah, honey! I'll tell you how it is. By Jasus! they have sent all their thunder to *my uncle*."

Miss pricked up her ears—"La! Mamma (quoth she) only think "what *that there* Gentleman says—he says his *uncle's* got all the thunder!" Mamma was unwilling to appear *too knowing*, on this occasion, and therefore, without explaining the matter to her daughter, commanded silence.

* “SCENE 5.—The inside of Jack’s Cave. *Rosa*’s performance of menial offices, for *Jack*. Her singing him to sleep

* The whole of this scene, as far as the *action* is involved, is singularly entitled to our notice. One would imagine the getters up of the Pantomime had vied with each other in absurdity ; nay, that they had even offered rewards, by proclamation, to those who should carry absurdity to the greatest length. A free-booter, like *Jack*, who could set the civil power at defiance for a period of two years, must have been a man of address and cunning, as well as of courage. Here, on the other hand, he acts the part of a downright simpleton and idiot. He no sooner brings a prisoner into his cave, in the recess of which lies another in a state of convalescence, than he gets drunk and takes a nap. This, of course, furnishes *Rosa* with an opportunity of reconnoitring the place. The groans of her fellow-prisoner lead to a discovery of the utmost importance: Profiting of *Jack*’s drowsiness, *Rosa* obtains access to the sufferer, who proves to be her lover, the identical *nine-lived Captain Orford*. Her shrieks rouse *Jack* from his slumber ; and now, for the first time, he perceives the necessity of keeping his two prisoners asunder. The means he employs to affect this, are silly, inefficacious, and self-eversive. He locks *Orford* up, but as it were purposely to defeat his own views, hangs the key within sight, and almost within reach of *Rosa*, instead of taking the safer method of keeping it in his pocket. He next fastens *Rosa* by means of a thong ; but with equal want of foresight, places a light within her reach, which enables *Rosa* to emancipate herself by holding the thong over the flame, till it is burnt through. Having taken these silly and inadequate precautions, he again lays himself down to sleep.

Rosa’s hands being now at liberty, she easily gets possession of the key, and unlocks the door of *Orford*’s prison, who, in an instant, recovers his health and strength. The two lovers then prepare for their escape by piling up the table on the bench, on which *Jack* reclines. But here we meet with another instance of absurdity,

sleep. Her discovery of *Captain Orford's* being confined, and wounded, in the Cave; whose escape, with her own, she effects, by stratagem.

SCENE

dity, which ought not to be passed over unnoticed. *Jack* being so fast asleep as to admit of such noisy and clumsy manœuvres, must certainly have afforded *Orford*, who is well provided with arms, an excellent opportunity of putting the finishing stroke to the business, by dispatching the man, who had so long been the terror of the whole Island, as well as the cause of so much misery to himself; and who is represented as carrying his atrocities to such an unparalleled extent, that Government was under the necessity of offering a reward by proclamation for his head. Instead of taking this plain, direct, and easy method of ridding the country of the pest, which had so long infested it, he contents himself with making his escape; and, when he has reached the entrance of the cavern, and after *Jack* is roused, and on his guard, then indeed he attempts to do, what is no longer in his power, and what he had so excellent an opportunity of accomplishing before. He aims a fruitless blow or two at *Jack*, and then scampers off.

Nor can we speak in milder terms of the means and manner by which *Jack's* final overthrow and death are brought about. From the historical account, it appears, that *Jack* maintained his character for address and generalship to the last; that even, when a large party was dispatched in quest of him, he baffled their pursuit for upwards of three weeks; and that he was at length taken by a kind of fatality, which seems to over-rule the destiny of most great men, like *Jack*. We should, therefore, have expected, that the action of the Pantomime would bear some analogy to the historical account. Instead of which, *Jack's* death is effected by such common means, as might have been put in practice every day. We see no proof of extraordinary cunning, address, or vigilance, on the part of his pursuers; we see nothing extraordinary in *Jack's* conduct to warrant the measures resorted to by Government, or

"SCENE 6.—An apartment in the *Planter's* house. *Quashee's* wife soothing the planter, with hopes of his daughter's return.

"SCENE 7.—*Mount Lebanon.* Desperate fight between

to justify the remissness of the civil power in having suffered a free-booter of this description, so long to outrage the laws of society.

Again, another ground of censure against the *getters-up* of this Drama, respects the moral character of *Jack*. It was evidently the author's intention to depict *Jack* as a savage ferocious monster; instead of which, he is the best fellow in the whole groupe, and actually falls the victim of his own humanity. Had he *murdered* the *Captain* and his mistress, instead of making them prisoners, he probably would have kept his head on his shoulders. Indeed, we do not find a single instance of cruelty and barbarity in his whole demeanor.

We notice these circumstances, and indeed we have entered more deeply into the discussion than we otherwise should have done, to show that it requires some degree of brain—more, unluckily than the authors of *Three-fingered Jack* appear to be possessed of—to get up even a Pantomime, which will satisfy a rational spectator. If the taste of the town is brought to such a humiliating point, that, like children, we are capable of relishing nothing but *show* and *sound*—if nothing but Pantomime will secure a house—in God's name! let us have, at least, a Pantomime conducted with some degree of common sense. But what can we expect from a barren soil? "Men do not gather figs from thorns, nor grapes from thistles? To *tell a story by dumb-show*, we mean to *connect cause and effect*, requires no small portion of ingenuity; —to huddle together a variety of incongruous scenes, and *beg the question*, whenever a case occurs which requires address, is in the compass of a *scene-shifter*. In point of action, and developement of plot, how far is *Three-fingered Jack* beneath *Raymond and Agnes!*

Jack,

Jack, and the party employed to kill him. *Jack's overthrow, and death.*

“ SCENE 8.—Subterranean passage. *Negro Robbers* bringing an account of *Jack's death*, to the *Obi-Woman*. Capture of the *Robbers*, and *Obi-Woman*, by *Captain Orford, Quashee, Sam, and Tuckey*.

“ SCENE 9.—Public Rejoicings, occasioned by the Overthrow of *Three-Fingered Jack*.”

In point of scenery, the new Pantomime is equal to any exhibition of the kind, and indeed the whole of the decorations, machinery, &c. would not disgrace any establishment of far superior magnitude and expence. The views are highly picturesque and appropriate, and reflect the greatest honour on the effective pencil of the artist, Mr. S. Whitmore.

With respect to the performance, the main burden rests with Kemble, Farley, and Miss De Camp. The latter had the fairest field for sporting her proficiency in the science of elegant attitudes. Little Menage, is likewise, entitled to peculiar commendation for sprightliness and activity. Caulfield's appearance is truly ludicrous. If not the exact *prototype of a GHOST*, his lean, lank, lath-like figure conveys at least the idea of one newly risen from the dead; of one who has had “ part in the first resurrection,” one whose bones are not yet completely clothed with flesh.

The house, such are the attractions of a Pantomime in this enlightened age, was uncommonly crowded. Even standing room was not to be had.

(Owing to the great length to which our *Epistle to Mr. Gifford* has extended, we are under the necessity of postponing the remainder of our *Theatrical Report*, and more particularly our account of the New Play, the *Point of Honour*, till our next. Several articles relating to *fashion* and *taste*, are likewise unavoidably postponed from the same cause.)

FASHIONABLES.

FASHIONABLES.

VAUXHALL.—This summer *Elysium* had a very narrow escape from destruction by fire on the 30th of June last. The conflagration burst out about five in the morning, in the *Long Room*, or *Prince's Gallery*, which for some years past has served as a kind of store-room for various articles used in fitting up this elegant place.—Fortunately, by firm exertion, and by pulling down part of the building to cut off the communication, the place was saved from serious damage. In other respects, the season at Vauxhall has been uncommonly auspicious, and the gardens have this summer to boast a greater display of rank and fashion than we ever remember. Dr. *Houlton's* Ode on his Majesty's Escape, entitled, *The Shield of Providence*, continues still to constitute a primary source of attraction. The *Prize Cup*, given by the Proprietors, was sailed for on the 11th of July, and won by the *Cumberland*, belonging to Mr. Byrne, of York Buildings.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.—This elegant Theatre has produced a very magnificent Entertainment, called the *Magic Flute*; the theme of which is taken from WIELAND's celebrated Poem, entitled *Oberon*. The scenery and decorations of this Piece are superbly grand.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE has not been behind hand with its competitors. A new Piece, entitled *The Inquisition*, or the *Maid of Portugal*, in which *Mrs. Parker* is the heroine, attracts crowded houses.

SADLER'S WELLS is a favourite place of amusement, to which not only the inhabitants of the adjacent suburbs resort, but numbers from every part of the town. The situation of this place is remarkably pleasing. The Entertainment of *Peter Wilkins* meets with much applause. For the reasons already assigned, we are obliged to be more concise in this department than we otherwise intended.

DRESS,

DRESS, &c.

THIS is an article entitled to higher attention than is generally imagined, and on which, therefore, we mean to expatiate on a *new plan*, in our next.* At present we must content ourselves with observing, that a kind of engraftment of the Grecian on the Asiatic *costume* seems to be the prevailing taste of the fashionable female world: the *Tippoc-slipper* and *turban*, are much sported. Brown shoes, which indeed are admirably suited for summer wear, as not exposing the dust, are in vogue. For walking, coloured muslin jackets and coats, with white cambric sleeves.

BRANDENBURGH HOUSE THEATRICALS.—A new comedy, in three acts, entitled the *Sleep-Walker*, has been brought forward at this beautiful private theatre. It is a translation from the French, by the elegant pen of the MARGRAVINE. The theatre has been greatly improved under the direction of Mr. Wigstead. It is at once elegant and simple. One entire row of boxes encircles the house, the MARGRAVINE's in the front: the curtain is of pink silk. In the centre the *Spread Eagle*, the family arms, encircled by a sprig of laurel and oak.

The accomplished DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE has given a new cast and character to the hamlet of CHISWICK, at which her Grace resides. Her public breakfast on the 5th instant, was attended by upwards of five hundred persons, comprising the flower of nobility and fashion; with the Prince of Wales, Prince William of Gloucester, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Prince of Orange at the head.

PROVINCIALS

ARE unavoidably postponed till our next. We must however notice the *debut* of Miss Wallstein, a relation of Kotzebue, on the Liverpool stage: on the 11th instant, she
appeared

appeared in the character of *Calista*, and acquitted herself with such universal applause, that she had immediate offers of an engagement for the *Edinburgh* and *Glasgow* theatres.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE new Opera, for thcoming at the Haymarket theatre, is from the pen of Mr. HOLMAN. Mr. Davy, of Exeter, furnishes the music.

Mr. COLMAN furnishes a comedy at the summer theatre this season. This will be pleasing intelligence to the lovers of the drama, who have only to regret, that they have not sooner been gratified with the productions of this gentleman's pen.

A tragedy by a nobleman, is said to be among the novelties of Drury Lane next season. Dr. HOULTON's farce, which was obliged to be postponed, will be among the early productions of this theatre.

Mr. T. DIBDIN is converting his comedy of *Liberal Opinions* from a three into a five-act piece. We should rather have recommended *compression* than *expansion*.

Kotzebue has been set at liberty by the Emperor of Russia. The illiberal reflections on this dramatist, which appeared in several of the public prints, particularly in that *vortex* of illiberality, the *True-Briton*, accompanied with a string of injurious reflections by the writer, are libellous fabrications; and rest, as we know from authority, on the malicious reports of an *unauthenticated* letter from Berlin.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ADMONITORY EPISTLE TO WM. GIFFORD, ESQ.
BY T. DUTTON.

*Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
Qui raptat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit—hic NIGER est; HUNC, tu, Romane, caveto.*

HOR.

What, if I penetrate beneath the skin,
And show the black deformity within?

HARD is the fate, in these degenerate times,
And coarse the fare of those, who deal in * rhymes:
Poor the encouragement the wealthy give
To those, who “*live, to write,*”—but “*write, to live.*”

* I use the word *rhyme* in its unlimited, or rather in its proper sense, as applicable to poetical compositions, of every description, in which the laws of metre are observed. It is not my wish to deluge the reader with a pedantic display of learning. Instead, therefore, of launching out into a wide field of *etymological* argument, I shall content myself with adducing the authority of Milton, who uses the word precisely in the same sense, in the Exordium to his beautiful Poem—

“ That with no middle flight intends to soar
“ Above th’ Aonian mount; while it pursues
“ Things unattempted yet, in *prose, or rhyme.*”

PARADISE LOST, Book I. ver. 14.

Immers'd in self ; to sordid interest sold,
 The ruling passion is—the love of gold !
 To this we sacrifice our time, our health ;
 Our *earliest* hope, our *latest* care, is wealth.
 Wit, learning, genius, all that worth holds dear,
 Pass unregarded, or provoke a sneer ;
 Whilst purse-proud Dullness is esteem'd divine,
 And mankind prostrate fall at Mammon's shrine.

If such the slight, the coldness and neglect,
 Which, from the world, poor authors must expect ;
 If such the fate of merit—oft to share
 The daily bread (hard lot !) of daily care ;
 Whilst Fortune's pamper'd minions, with disdain,
 View Genius struggling to throw off the chain ;
 Whilst, void of feeling, Folly's hosts deride
 The conscious workings of a noble pride ;
 If such the ills, the num'rous ills, that wait
 On hapless authors, “ in their best estate ; ”
 How hard ! how cruel ! greater to excite,
 By feuds internal, and by kindred spite !
 In firm alliance, sure, they ought to stand
 A Grecian phalanx, a confederate band,
 And each the other aid with cheerful hand.
 Impious it is, when brother wars with brother ;
 And “ wits prove deadly game-cocks to each other.”

Well may the name of Author scorn provoke ;
 The Poet's calling pass into a joke !
 Well may the vulgar sneer, and hold for nought
 Those talents, which so little good have wrought.
 Debas'd, abus'd, ev'n Learning's sacred lore
 Becomes a curse, and edifies no more.
 Nor wit, nor genius, can command applause,
 Exerted in a base, unworthy cause.

GIFFORD!

GIFFORD ! to Thee my parable applies ;
 Thee I arraign, and fix on Thee mine eyes.
 When first the *Della Crusca's* of the age
 Call'd forth the whip-cord of thy Baviad page,
 'Twas vitiate taste that stirr'd thy honest gall,
 And bade thy vengeance on the triflers fall.

Our *Namby-Pambys* then were doom'd to feel
 Thy lash, which deeply cut, but cut to heal.
 In decent bounds thy satire *then* restrain'd,
 Met with applause, and proselytes obtain'd.

But short this moral triumph—soon thy spleen
 Spurn'd all disguise, and burst upon the scene ;
 Then shone confest, impatient of control,
 The deadly hate, the rancour of thy soul ;
 Swift flew your glance the letter'd tribe around,
 In search of one whom safely you might wound,—
 Whom few would pity, fewer still redress,
 But falling crush, and help thee to oppress.

An object soon appear'd—an object known,
 And mark'd by Persecution, as her own !
 One, who with zeal, more honest than discreet,
 Chas'd Vice and Folly to their last retreat ;
 Dragg'd Error from her sanctuary rever'd,
 Nor spar'd * HIGH PLACES where her shrine was rear'd !
 One, who with manly daring, from his youth,
 Paid less regard to Policy than Truth !
 Who, like a second Ishmael, rais'd his hand
 'Gainst every Dunce and Blockhead in the land !—
 A numerous host ! and dangerous to assail,
 Though lock'd in steel, and cas'd in coat of mail !—

* The *abomination of desolation* standing where it ought not—
 let him that readeth, understand.

Mark xiii. ver. 14.

Each long'd to give the blow with interest back ;
Each burn'd to kill, but dreaded to attack :
You watch'd your hour—you stabb'd, with coward heed,
Then made * a *virtue* of the treacherous deed.

Nor

* Till the appearance of Mr. Gifford's last Pamphlet, I had never read any of his publications. His *Baviad* and his *Mæviad* were known to me only by name. To this circumstance alone is the author indebted, that he did not occupy an honourable station among the heroes of *The Literary Census*. I had heard, indeed, of his brutal attack upon Anthony Pasquin; but at the time was too far from the scene of action to engage in the quarrel. I had quitted the bustle and smoke of the metropolis—the *fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ*—for the calm pleasures of retirement among the mountains of South Wales. Reading constituted, indeed, one of my favourite enjoyments, but that course of reading did not embrace the squabbles and polemics of Literature. These, as little as politics, came within the pale of my pursuits, till my attention for a while was drawn off to the latter, by the landing of the French at Fishguard, on which occasion I felt it a duty I owed to my King and country, to make one of the patriot-band, that sallied forth to meet and repel the enemy.

On my return to the metropolis,—I launch into the present detail of particulars, by way of anticipated reply to any interrogatory that may be put to me, why I did not sooner take up the cause?—the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, (with the exception, perhaps, of those who were personally and immediately interested in their contents) had sunk into oblivion. Anthony Pasquin had crossed the Atlantic, and was, from information on which I could rely, *doing very well* (if I may be pardoned the homely phrase, which I give exactly in the words in which the intelligence was communicated to me) in America. I felt, therefore, no curiosity to investigate the merits of a dispute, which might now be considered, as finally terminated, as far as involved the injured party; and

from

Nor stopp'd thy malice here—so fell thy rage,
Nor time, nor absence can thy wrath assuage.

In

from the discussion of which, Anthony himself could then derive no advantage. I remained therefore silent, and in this silence I should have persisted, had I not accidentally met with Mr. Gifford's Publication at a friend's house. I ran my eye cursorily over the contents, till the name of Anthony attracted my more serious notice. Now it was that I felt myself called upon to vindicate the rights, not of Anthony alone, but of human nature. Now that I found *cowardice* superadded to *insult*; *falsehood to malice*, and libel heaped on libel, with an equal mixture of *effrontery* and *ignorance*—now it was that I resolved to throw the gauntlet, and interpose my arm, however weak, yet virtuously directed, towards the pious duty of silencing calumny, and putting a stop to *unlicensed murder*!

My first step was to *purchase* the Edition of the *Eavind* and *Mæriad*, to which Mr. Gifford refers in his last Pamphlet. I lay, and with justice, particular stress on the word *purchase*, for this wonderful work sells so wonderfully * *dear*, that none of the Circulating Libraries to which I applied for the loan of it, cared to take it in. I had not yet got through the *Introduction* before I found, from the author's own confession, that Anthony Pasquin was the *only* instance, in which he had suffered his satire to interfere with the *moral* character of any of the individuals whom he attacked in the course of his work. His reason for making Anthony the object of this exception, we will hear from his own mouth, and then briefly investigate, in how far the evidence of facts squares with his statement:

* This is a circumstance peculiarly entitled to the reader's observation. The man who makes the *high price* of Peter Pindar's Works one of his articles of impeachment against that writer—or if he does not *make*, at least *retails* the charge—(see *Introduction to Mr. Gifford's Epistle*, page 7) might, we think, have had the virtue to make some *abatement* in the price of his own works. *Five Shillings* for 180 small pages in duodecimo, can fall *little* short of the *average* of Peter Pindar's charge.

"In

In vain the huge Atlantic would restrain;
Rolls his vast wave, and severs worlds in vain!

Distance

“ In this (he writes, *Introduction*, page 15) I should have per-
“ severed to the end, had I not been provoked to transgress the
“ bounds I had prescribed to myself, by the diabolical conduct
“ of one of my heroes, the notorious Anthony Pasquin.

“ This man, who had always earned a miserable subsistence
“ by working on the fear and vanity of artists, actors, &c. (the
“ reader will please to remember that this is mere assertion, the
“ mere *ipse dixit* of the enraged and irritated Mr. Gifford) hard-
“ ened by impunity, flew at length at higher game, and directed
“ his attacks against an **ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER**.”—It can
scarcely be necessary to apprise the reader, that the *Illustrious
Stranger* here alluded to, is her **ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRIN-
CESS OF WALES**.

Here then we find an attack upon the **PRINCESS OF WALES**,
alleged as the cause, why Mr. Gifford, from satirizing the *writ-
tings*, proceeded to libel the *moral character* of Anthony. Of
course the reader will expect, that in the enlarged animadversions
on Anthony, which appeared in the *Baviad*, this self-same attack
upon her **ROYAL HIGHNESS** should form a conspicuous feature.
The reader, I say, will naturally so conclude, and with undoubted
right. But when we advert to the passage in question, we meet
with nothing of the kind. Her **ROYAL HIGHNESS** *is not so
much as mentioned!* The name of Hastings, indeed, occurs, and this
lends us a sufficient clue to the *real motives*, which influenced Mr.
Gifford in his abuse of Anthony. The latter, in his *Dedication to the
Pin-basket*, (this work, likewise, is noticed on this occasion, but
the publication, in which the **PRINCESS OF WALES** is said to be
attacked, is *not even named!*) had made very free with the late
Governor-General of Bengal; and to judge from the whole com-
plexion of the case, it is not improbable that Mr. Gifford was
employed as the instrument of that Gentleman's revenge. How-

else

Distance but galls the rankling sore within,
And gives thee with impunity to sin!

Now mark, how wide degeneracy extends!

Mark how abrupt the path to ill descends!

'Twas not enough to blast another's name,
And on a rival's ruin build your fame!

'Twas not enough, that with a fiend-like joy,
You fed your lust—to murder and destroy!

Deeper you plunge, and with unblushing face,
Become the herald of your own disgrace!

Need I, then, wonder at the fall I see?

Wonder at ought I read, or hear of thee?

Wonder, that heedless of the world's esteem,

You brave appearance—what you *are*, you *seem*?

Need I then wonder at thy angry bile;

Thy coarse ideas, and thy coarser style?

Wonder, that lost to shame, to decent pride,

You throw the veil of modesty aside?

else it should happen, that no possible connexion is to be traced between the *alleged cause*, and the *effect*; how it should happen that the *offence*, which called for Mr. Gifford's castigation, is not even *noticed*, we must confess ourselves utterly at a loss to comprehend.

If this conduct, on the part of Mr. Gifford, does not exactly answer the description we have above given; if it be not *attacking a man under false pretences*, and making a *virtue of hypocrisy and treachery*, we are totally unskilled in the movements of the human heart. We find, as indeed we might expect, this *pretext* very dexterously made use of on the trial; and, no doubt, it had its share in influencing the ultimate decision. How far we are warranted by truth in our inference, we leave it to the good sense and discernment of the reader—nay we leave it to Mr. Gifford's own conscience to determine! But more of this anon.

Proclaim

Proclaim what Prudence counsels to conceal,
And by your *writings*, show the pangs you feel ?

Impeach'd, and not at random, not at large ;
Direct th' attack, and home applies the charge ;
What thy defence ?—no doubt, thy Muse will show
A virgin soul, as pure as falling snow !
No doubt, thy* temperate speech, thy placid mien,
Will prove a mind self-buoyant, and serene !

No

* Now for a sample of Mr. Gifford's *temperance* of style. We well know, that it is the peculiar characteristic of conscious rectitude, to meet accusation firmly, yet calmly, and with becoming dignity.

“ This man, or rather this *monster in human shape*.”

Epistle to Peter Pindar, Page 8.

“ Peter Pindar, who is truly *a fiend in human shape*.”

Page 11.

“ *The filthy drivel* of this impotent dotard, which never yet fell an inch beyond his own beard.”—*Ibidem*.

Quere. Does Mr. Gifford, by the latter part of this remark, mean to censure his antagonist, that he keeps his *drivel* (as our author terms it) to *himself*? Does he mean to recommend to him to follow the example of certain other persons, who *bespatter their neighbours with it*?

“ Why this *fellow* took the name of Pindar,” &c.—Page 12.

“ If he *must live*, though I do not see the *necessity* of it.”

Page 18.

And pray, if we may be permitted to ask, what peculiar necessity attaches to Mr. Gifford's life more than to that of the rest of his fellow creatures? But this, we may suppose, to be intended as a specimen of Mr. Gifford's *charity*!

“ Come then, all *filth*.”—Page 27.

“ Lo! here the *reptile*.”—Page 34.

And then comes, by way of *climax*, the *grand finale*, the *Christian-like parting salutation*—the *kiss of peace*.

“ Thou,

No doubt, thy innocence will strait appear
Bright, as the sun, and as the morning clear !
No doubt, the fiery trial will unfold
The wedge of Ophir—purg'd, abstracted gold !
No gross invectives will thy libeller load,
No foul abuse his human feelings goad :
No vain attempts derision will excite,
How far "*two * blacks may, haply, make a white !*"

Ah !

"Thou can'st not think, nor have I power to tell,

" How much I *scorn* and *hate* thee—so farewell."

Who will any longer venture to assert, after such incontrovertible proofs as these, that Mr. Gifford ever loses sight of *good manners*?—that he ever expresses himself in language unbecoming a gentleman, and a scholar?

* This appears to me to be, in plain English, the whole result of Mr. Gifford's last poetical labour. That the charge advanced against him by Peter Pindar was of a most gross and heinous nature, I readily admit; though at the same time I must, in justice to Peter, observe, that he does not allow himself such unwarrantable and ungentleman-like language as Mr. Gifford has thought proper to indulge and flounder in. But Mr. Gifford, instead of repelling that charge, and vindicating his own character, confines his defence solely to the blackening and bespattering of his accuser. The whole drift of his publication tends to prove—not that he is innocent—but that Peter Pindar is, at any rate, as bad or worse than himself. Such a mode of justification, I believe, would not be admissible in law, nor is it altogether satisfactory in *foro conscientiae*.

It seems, as far at least as we are conversant in these matters, that this dispute between the two Bards, which is carried on with a degree of acrimony highly characteristic of the

genus irritabile vatum,
has, partly, originated in a mistake, on the side of Peter, who
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Ah! no! you steer the course the gods decree,
In “*maiden** meditation, fancy-free!”

does not appear to be fully aware that there are *two Giffords*, —and that the name of the principal writer in the Review of which he complains, is **JOHN**, not **WILLIAM GIFFORD**.—**Mr. WILLIAM GIFFORD**, we believe, was concerned in the *Anti-Jacobin Examiner*, which was published, previous to the Review under that title, as a *Weekly Paper*. The *Anti-Jacobin Review* has, like a phœnix, risen out of the ashes of the former.

For the rest, we take this opportunity of explicitly stating, that we are equally strangers to both parties involved in this dispute. We never exchanged a single word with either Pindar or Mr. Gifford; and, therefore, cannot be supposed to be under any undue influence, which we here solemnly disclaim. We have merely taken up the cudgels, from a wish to put a stop, if possible, at least *pro parte virili*, to that system of *badgering* and *bear-baiting*, which has entailed disgrace on the cause of Literature, and will, if not timely checked, render the name of Scholar odious.

* Hear Mr. Gifford himself on this subject:—

“ I passed on, like a great lady of yore, *in maiden meditation,*
“ *fancy-free.*”

Epistle to Peter Pindar, page 7.

Now, as we belong to those who wish to put the best construction upon every thing; we are willing to persuade ourselves that this passage conveys more meaning “ than meets the ear.” When Mr. Gifford tells us how *fancy-free* he is, he doubtless means to point out to us the workings of his own mind. He doubtless means to tell us, that he is so convinced, or at least *sancies* himself so convinced, of his own innocence, that he sees no reason to enter upon a vindication of his character. And further, he, no doubt, *sancies* that his reader is as thoroughly satisfied on this subject as himself.

To

To PETER, now, the office I resign,
 To right himself, and match his pen with thine.
 New wrongs present—on every side they spread,
 And point my vengeance at thy dastard head.
 Not PETER, great as is thy hate—so fell,
 So deadly great, thou hast not “* power to tell !”
 Not PETER, deep as thou hast struck thy dart,
 Could glut th’ insatiate malice of thy heart.
 Thy fury grows more † craving from repast,
 And every draft plies deeper than the last.
 Again thy victims, to supply thy need,
 Again must feel the stroke, again must bleed !
 Fresh calumnies, fresh libels must pursue
 The man you basely laboured to undo.
 When all thyself and GARROW can devise,
 To stay thy hungry stomach won’t suffice:
 (GARROW, whose ‡ blushest would avoid our gaze !
 Who weeps at eloge ! and who faints at praise !
 That modest man, whom Nature form’d, to show
 How far ’twas possible for man to go !)

* “Thou can’t not think, nor have I power to tell,
 How much I scorn and hate thee—so farewell!”

Gifford’s Epistle to Peter Pindar, page 37.

† As if increase of appetite had grown,
 By what it fed on.

SHAKESPEARE.

‡ A memorable instance of the truth of this remark recently occurred in a certain august assembly, where this modest gentleman was so greatly affected, so literally overcome and overwhelmed with the panegyrics lavished upon him by certain noble orators, that he seemed ready to sink into the earth under the weight of compliment, and was absolutely obliged to bury his face in his handkerchief, and apply the smelling bottle !

To hide his burning blushes, fiery-red,
 And eke the flood of tears he could not shed !

When common arts, and common falsehoods fail,
You forge, and then promulge a sland'rous tale!

But here your malice * overshot its mark;
Here you were napping caught, and in the dark.

Here

* Never, perhaps, was it the fate of the most profligate libeller to expose the malignity of his heart under circumstances of greater aggravation. I allude to the libel originally inserted by Mr. Gifford in the Sixth Edition of his *Baviad*, and thence copied, with a few collateral remarks, into the pamphlet, which forms the present subject of animadversion. The passage in question runs thus:—

"I do not expect to rid this country of Peter; nor do I, indeed, wish it, as he is too old and feeble for any useful purpose whatever; whereas Anthony (his superior in every bodily endowment) drives a wheel-barrow, which, for his better accommodation, is chained to his middle, with great credit to himself, and great advantage to the community, along the Albany road."

GIFFORD's *Epistle to Peter Pindar*, page 17.

That a man may possess a sufficient fund of cowardice and malice to turn the assassin of character—to forge and propagate a falsehood of the most heinous die, concerning another, *in his absence*, and at a time, when divided hemispheres (at least, as he flatters himself) give him an opportunity of so doing, *with impunity*—this, to the disgrace of human nature, is a case which experience proves to be not only possible, but among the number of actual events. But, that such an extreme of cowardice and malice should be associated with an equal extreme of ignorance, is rather a novel occurrence. Would the reader believe it possible, that any public writer, however dark and malignant, should be so little informed of what is going forward in the world, as to forge and publish a libel of this atrocious nature, upon another, under the supposition of his being in America, at the very time, that the person libelled, is and has been for months in England, to give the lie direct to his infamous and cowardly assertions. The baseness

of

Here coward guilt it's infamy betray'd!
Here Ignorance her master-piece display'd!

Here

of the writer, who can act thus, *under the idea of impunity*, must be apparent, and equally apparent his ignorance. From this circumstance, we may form some idea of the general truth and authenticity of Mr. Gifford's statements; and in this point of view, his cowardice and ignorance may be serviceable to society.

Accipe nunc Danaum insidias, et crimine ab uno.

Disce omnes.

Mr. Gifford, for reasons obvious, which require no comment, has thought proper to enrich his last edition of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, with an account of the proceedings on the trial of his bookseller, Mr. Robert Faulder, for a libel contained in the said Poem against Mr. WILLIAMS, more commonly known by the appellation of ANTHONY PASQUIN. The same motives, which induced him to annex the detail of this trial to his *Baviad*, have further impelled him to incorporate the most essential, i. e. the most injurious parts thereof, in his *Epistle to Peter Pindar*. As many of the facts therein stated, are to our certain knowledge false, we are justified in concluding, that a writer who has not stuck at direct falsehood, would not be very nice and solicitous to avoid misrepresentation. For these reasons, as well as for the purpose of offering a few remarks on the manner in which Mr. Garrow conducted his client's defence, we have thought it expedient to canvass, with becoming freedom, Mr. Gifford's report.

The action was brought by ANTHONY PASQUIN, principally for a libel on his *moral* character, stating him to be "A man, " whose acquaintance is infamy, and whose touch is poison."

A libel of a more atrocious nature, especially to a man in public life, and whose existence depends upon his character, can scarcely be conceived. In this light it was very properly exhibited by the plaintiff's Counsel, the Honourable Mr. Erskine.— Mr. Gifford, on the other hand, by way of repelling the charge,

had

Here GIFFORD fell, by his own arts ensnar'd,
Fell in the pit, which his own hands prepar'd !

Here

had "taken care, as he expressly tells us, to furnish the counsel with "a number of Extracts from ANTHONY's voluminous publications." Now, in how far this mode of reading detached passages from different publications, without taking into consideration their connexion, the context, and an infinite diversity of collateral bearings, is reconcileable with equity and sound judgment, appears to us, we must confess, highly problematical. Indeed, without meaning to throw the slightest imputation upon the learned and noble Judge, who presided on the bench on this occasion, we would put it to his Lordship's candour, whether any book of multifarious contents, that was ever written and published since the world began, not excepting the Bible itself, will bear to be *anatomized in this piece-meal manner?* On this principle, the most perfect system of Ethics might be perverted into libel, and rendered subservient to the basest of purposes.

This, however, by way of digression. Mr. Garrow conducted his client's defence on this *Giffordian system*, reading the Extracts, which had been so industriously culled for that purpose by the author of the libel complained of, and ever and anon commenting upon them with all that tenderness, delicacy, and modesty, for which this Gentleman is so peculiarly remarkable; not neglecting withal to intersperse his comments with occasional *literary criticisms*. For Mr. Garrow, be it known to the reader, is not merely an *orator*, but has, in the former part of his life, acquired much practical experience, as a *writer*, at the time when he used to report the Law Proceedings, for a few shillings per week, for a Daily Paper! Hence Mr. Garrow very properly discovered an error of the press in one of the Extracts, which he was instructed to read, and where, by the neglect of the compositor, a word had been omitted—the sentence running thus—"If you thought thus, you have been *egregious*," instead of "*egregiously mistaken*." On this error, Mr. Garrow dwelt with as much perspicuity and neat-

ness

Here peaceful rest ; or if it better please,
Here flounder, plunge, and wallow at thy ease !

Indulge

ness, as he was whilom wont to display, when one of the leading speakers in a celebrated Debating Society. After running over sundry, though not all, of the Extracts, pointed out to him in this truly *socratical* and *philosophical* manner, Mr. Garrow rising with his theme to the very *climax* of the sublimest *epanorthosis* that was ever uttered by mortal man, summed up the substance of his more than Ciceronian harangue to the following effect—“ Shall he (the “ plaintiff) say to you, Gentlemen, I have been from my youth “ up, earning a scandalous subsistence, by VILIFYING MY SO-“ VEREIGN!—insulting his august Family!—belying his Ministers “ —traducing his Courts of Justice, and slandering his subjects, “ &c.—I have ridiculed the Ordinances of our Holy Religion!—I “ have blasphemed?”

Here, we are told, the learned Judge interferred, to stop the fulminating eloquence of the counsel, on the ground that no more was necessary, and the Jury *nonsuited* the plaintiff.

Now, as the above charges advanced by Mr. Garrow are confessedly of the most serious nature, and such, as it appears from Mr. Gifford's Report of the Trial—and no other authority have we to go upon—had their due weight with the jury, we have been at considerable pains in perusing the works of Anthony Pasquin, to satisfy ourselves in how far they accorded with the general tenor of his publications, character, and conduct. What the particular passages were, on which Mr. Garrow founded the most important of his charges, we are not told, and therefore can only say, that we have not been able to meet with ground to warrant such assertions. The result of our enquiries, and most sedulous investigation, has turned out greatly to the favour of the said *Anthony Pasquin*, and exhibits him to us in a very different light from that in which he is on this occasion represented. As the *Giffordian* system of skeletonizing his publications was resorted to, to blacken

his

Indulge thy whim, whate'er that whim may be,
In "maiden meditation, fancy-free!"

" But

his character, we think it but fair that the same system should be adopted in his vindication. On this principle, therefore, we mean to go severally through each of the *head-charges* preferred against him by Mr. Garrow.

The first charge is, that of VILIFYING HIS SOVEREIGN.

In answer to this, we have to observe, that we have with peculiar attention read such of ANTHONY's publications, as more immediately involved the person of his MAJESTY, particularly a characteristic sketch of our beloved SOVEREIGN, bearing the express title of THE KING! What we there read and met with, is not only indicative of the highest veneration, loyalty, and esteem for his MAJESTY's Person and Government; but so forcibly impressive, that we are glad of this opportunity to make the writer's sentiments as universally known, as is possible;—not merely with a view to Anthony's justification, but from the conviction we have, that nothing can be more salutary to the nation at large, particularly at the present moment, than the general dissemination of such loyal and noble sentiments as Anthony has inculcated.

To begin then with the very second page of the said Treatise, which may be found in ANTHONY's Cabinet of Miscellanies, page 26, the writer delivers himself as follows:—

THE KING.

" There is a systematic love of peace in the character of his MAJESTY, which is to me eminently endearing. As my political prejudices, as far as regards the primary efforts of Legislative Government, are in favour of a kingly establishment, it gladdens me to know that these predilections can be justified by the moderation and clemency of my Sovereign."

Page 28.—" A parent so benign to his children, cannot be a bad father to his people, who are but an aggregate family of greater extent and diversity. I record such characteristics with much felicity,

But hope not, *fancy* not, again to rise,
Nor vainly enterprize what Fate denies !

In

felicity, because I know them to be necessary to the real dignity of the crown!"

Page 29.—“ His liberal protection of the Fine Arts, is highly creditable to his character, as the ruler of a great kingdom ; and the more particularly, as his ascribed habits of economy make his munificence the more valuable, where it is directed.”

Page 31.—“ *Was* the thirst for dominion, *at the expence of peace*, among the necessary qualifications of a Potentate, I do not believe there exists a gentleman more improper to assume the chair of sovereignty, than his Majesty. I have observed with much delight, that on all those serious occasions, where the decree of the King is final, and the life of the depredator at his mercy, he has evinced a tenderness of disposition, highly indicative of supreme benevolence. His abhorrence of atrocity seems corrected by the knowledge that all are frail ; and, in consequence, he is more eager to bestow pardon than punishment. His *meek* habits of life convince me, that he could be content in any situation, where *Honor was a confederate.*”

Page 35.—“ I have so confirmed an idea of the King’s *purity of soul*, and due regard for the interests of justice, that I would, on all occasions, willingly rely on his award for the preservation of my honour and my life.”

Page 36.—(Speaking of his Majesty’s recovery.)—“ The general joy so zealously manifested by the three kingdoms, and the unbounded illuminations of the capital, were conclusive testimonies of heart-born esteem in the people for their common parent, *which none, but a good man, could deserve ; and none, but a good man, could receive.*”

Page 45.—“ The King stands, amidst a licentious court, like Chastity in the Paphian Isle, forming an example, without gaining a proselyte ; and strikes Immorality with speechless awe.

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H

and

Contented lie, or if it suit thee best,
Growl at mankind, and me among the rest !

and represses her lunatic darings, though he cannot eradicate her tongue."

Page 52.—“ Charity, as well as respect, should have a greater influence on our minds, when investigating the qualities of a Sovereign than other persons: and the reason is obvious— their state is more hazardous and complicated. The progress of a Monarch through the mazes of existence, is more toilsome and perilous than the progress of a subject: as the Leviathan must cleave through a larger body of waters than the Nautilus, and in his immense navigation may be bruised against those rocks which the lesser fish can easily avoid. I urge not this, under the idea that the King generally wants an apologist; but only in the endeavour to give a permanence to truth. His blameless life, as a man, begets universal veneration; and the best eulogium that I can bestow upon his propensities and his principles is comprised in this conviction, that, as the virtues of the Individual have absorbed the errors of the King, his last moments will be sorrowful to a majority of his people, but happy to himself.”

Again, in his *Calm Examination into the Causes of the Present Alarm in the Empire*, page 98.

“ The present epoch is critical, and fraught with danger. It is now incumbent on every good citizen to be firm and circumspect—to mingle the *love of his King* with the *love of his country*; and on every occasion to invigorate the arm of government.”

Is this, we beg leave to ask, the language of a man who deserves to be accused of *vilifying his Sovereign*? Greatly, indeed, do we doubt, whether Mr. Garrow, in his most sublime orations, or Mr. Gifford, in the most sublime of his compositions, ever paid so just, so pure, and dignified a tribute to the virtues of our most gracious Monarch. But, peradventure, it will be alledged, that Anthony's sentiments have since then undergone a change; that his loyalty was, like that of certain other persons, the mere creature

ture of the hour, fickle, fleeting, and changing. Let us then hear how he speaks of his KING, when at a distance, when in America, when no longer subject to his jurisdiction, and at a period not more remote than last March. The quotation now given is extracted from the *Columbian Phœnix and Boston Review*, published in Boston, March 1, 1800.

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.—“The King of Great Britain is a stout, muscular man, about five feet eleven inches in height: he is rather in-kneed, but looks remarkably well on horseback: his hair is nearly white, which is a characteristic of the Brunswick race: his countenance is fair and ruddy, his eyes grey, and his teeth are regular and white, but unusually large. He is a gentleman of plain habits, and seldom eats of more than one dish; and he is very moderate in the use of wine. He rises, in summer, at five o'clock in the morning; and in winter, at day-light, and sometimes sooner. He is exceedingly familiar and kind in his language to the poor people about Windsor. He is incessant in his questions, but seldom gives the party time to return an answer. In the hours of relaxation from the fatigues of government, he amuses himself in agricultural pursuits, or hunting, or listening to the best airs and *sonatas* of HANDEL, of whose music he is passionately fond. I have seen some architectural drawings, by his Majesty, which were not destitute of merit. He is a patron of the Fine Arts, and created the Royal Academy—a circumstance of national glory, that reflects the highest credit upon his name. His memory is very tenacious; and, when he has imbibed an opinion, it is scarcely possible to remove it, by any argument that wisdom may dictate. He is unquestionably a benevolent man, and means to be right: and it is a lamentable circumstance for his own country, and a great portion of human nature, when he is influenced to give his sanction to a deed of impolicy, by a weak or wicked counsellor. He enforces the precepts of morality, by all the means within his power; and is, in his own person, an ILLUSTRATION OF THE BEAUTY OF PRIVATE VIRTUE!”

The next charge of which ANTHONY stands accused, is “*Slandering his Majesty's august Family;*—at the head of which,

of course, stands the **QUEEN**. Let us hear, in what manner this *slanderer*, as he is termed, speaks of that **AUGUST** Lady; in which view, we will have reference to the same publication, from which we made our former extracts, viz. *Pasquin's Cabinet*. He delivers himself thus:—

THE QUEEN.

Page 54.—“The great, the inimitable subject of this essay, will ever stand upon record, as a woeful truth, that no excellence will shield us from calumny. She is

————— “Chaste as the isicle

“That’s curdled by the frost from purest snow,

“And hangs on Dian’s temple.”

“This august Lady ascended the throne of Great Britain with every recommendation that youth, innocence and honour, could bestow.—Her mind was incorruptible—her wisdom uncontested, Educated in a Germanic court, where dignity and prudence made a rational compact, her demeanour, though commanding, was not voluptuous, and though gay, discreet. The warm congratulations of the kingdom did credit to their powers of discerning. She was welcomed as the harbinger of regal glory—she burst upon the public sight as a common blessing, salutary to the people and the land; like that ample stream, which the Hebrew legislator called from a rock in the vale of Horeb, to banish calamity from the tribes of Israel.”

Page 61.—“As a Queen, she is benign—as a Christian, meek—as a mother, affectionate—as a wife, chaste. And as humility of spirit is the best defence we can make against the pressure of mortal anxiety, be our temporal lot what it may, she has wisely adopted a system of self-denial, evidently fraught with Faith, Hope, and Charity.”

Page 62.—“Yet has this ornament of the age been subjected to the whisperings of detraction.—She has been assailed, but not sullied—questioned, but not abased. At the miseries of **ANTOINETTE** of France, I sigh—but at the distresses of **CHARLOTTE** of England, I should weep. The first sensation is a compliment to the sex; the other would be a tribute to injured perfection!”

Page 63.—“ That rigid and proper discrimination which her Majesty so uniformly preserves, in regard to the character of that part of the female world who wish to be introduced into the Drawing-room, and consequently enrolled on the schedule of dignity, is at once a proof of her vigilant attention to her own rank, and the felicity of the people; inasmuch as the discountenancing, not only the abandoned, but the suspected, tends to enforce an attachment to propriety in the subordinate classes: and unless such an attachment exists among all degrees, love becomes baneful, and pleasure ruin.”

Page 64.—“ To stem the torrent of our corruptibility—to cut the pinions of our erratic frailty, it was expedient for the general good, that such a personage, so uncontaminated by an irregular education, should fill the throne of these dominions at this æra.”

“ Pursuing the Queen into her domestic recesses, her importance is strengthened by our enquiries. There we find her engaged in the most serious of maternal duties, marshalling the pursuits of the amiable Princesses, and sedulously blending obligation with delight.

“ Those reasoning powers of the soul, which we affect to value ourselves upon, as forming the great distinguishing barrier between perception and brutal instinct, cannot be better established than when the parent delineates to the progeny the geography of social evil, pointing out those rocks and quicksands where Peace has been wrecked in the tempestuous voyage of Life. Her claims to wisdom need only to be examined, to be allowed; for true philosophy is nothing more than the art of making ourselves happy: that is, doing precisely what THIS exalted and good Lady does, seeking pleasure in regularity, and reconciling what she owes to society with that boundless estimation which she owes herself.”

Page 66.—“ As no material object is more misunderstood in this island, than the education of its fair daughters, I most zealously recommend the manners of her Majesty, as the best model for maternal imitation. She parries those imbecilities of our nature, to which the highest and the wisest are subject, by filling up the void of time with the cultivation of the softer sciences. Reading, painting, music,

music, and needle-work, have their due allotment of hours with her august children, and completely supersede that keen spirit of enquiry into the weaknesses of our neighbours, which beings, less uplifted, exercise to feed antipathies, which Religion should abolish."

"In future times, when the actions of CHARLOTTE, Queen of Great Britain, shall be registered by Candour, it will appear, that she has existed to amend our manners—annexing the glories of morality to the perishable splendor of a throne! Sustained by Hope and Resignation, she goes forward to immortality with firmness.—Fully conscious that she is but dependant here, as an atom in immensity, it is not the adoration of confederated Princes that can diminish her humility. She will be brought forward to observation, by historians, as an honoured instance, in which the fear of God corrected the behest of Ambition—and whose innocent aims were rather to be good than great, from a sad knowledge of the responsibility and brevity of life."

If this be *slander*, this an attempt to *vilify Majesty*, we must confess ourselves totally at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the term. Either the language, or our ideas, must have undergone a complete revolution.

We might easily extend these quotations, were it necessary, and would the limits of our publication permit. But we conceive the extracts we have already given, will be fully adequate to repel that part of the charges brought against him, which imputes to him disloyalty to his MAJESTY, and his august family. We shall therefore content ourselves with quoting, from the work we have already so amply resorted to, the introduction to his character of the

PRINCE OF WALES.

Page 67.—"When the PRINCE OF WALES first saw the light, the kingdom exulted. But how anxiously would Britons have watched over the radiant progress of his infancy, had they known that the dispensations of Providence had destined him to be, *what he is!*"

Page

Page 86. "As a gentleman, he is so eminently polished, that the first class of continental nobility regard him, as the standard of imitation. That innate Majesty of sentiment, which gives a grace to his exterior, unknown to the common orders of mixed life, is happily reconciled to the advances of humility."

The next and last charge, respects the MAJESTY OF HEAVEN!
"I have ridiculed the ordinances of our Holy Religion!—I have
blasphemed!"

We must confess ourselves not very fully acquainted with ANTHONY's religious tenets. This, we believe, forms a topic, on which he does not very frequently converse. We may, however, with truth affirm, that we never heard him deliver his sentiments on this point in a manner to justify the above charge; and, when we look into his writings, we certainly find no traces of a disposition to lessen the authority of Religion. On the contrary, when he has occasion to speak of any of the divine ordinances, it is in a strain, which many persons might be apt to think savoured rather of *old-fashioned* notions. As far as the *moral duties* are concerned, ANTHONY is a most zealous enforcer of obligation. In proof of this assertion, we quote the following passage, in which our author reasons, and with more cogency than many a titled divine, on the sacred institution of matrimony. Speaking of his MAJESTY's connubial fidelity, he says, (See *Pasquin's Cabinet*, page 46.)

"His continency to the Queen, creates a point for common observation, to which all should refer. For, however the base and the meretricious may affect to laugh at the ordinances of wedlock, they are at best but betraying themselves pleasantly into a state of mortification; as what is right, will be in the issue efficacious, and govern our peace, notwithstanding the comic effusions of the wit and the sensualist, who have at best but the power to suspend their duties to virtue, but not to exterminate the hallowed impulse from their nature. All those indescribable emotions of satisfaction, which play about the bosom, and are the legal consequences of pure thought, equally feeding our hope and our joy, are denied to those individuals, who have violated that votive injunction

they

they had sworn unequivocally to obey, when they solicited rational transport before Heaven, at the connubial altar!"

With respect to the charge of *blasphemy*, we shall content ourselves with adducing the following quotation from his *Life of Lord Barrymore*, page 80.—

" In going from *Wargrave* to *Cant-Hill*, where we passed two very agreeable days with Sir John Lade and his family, he very seriously asked me, whether I thought it possible for any individual, with mental health, to be an Atheist? I replied, that I believed it possible for a man to become a temporal demon; but, until I could discover that the profession of infidelity made us happier men, and more kind neighbours, I should continue in the old-fashioned system of theology."

To this we may add the following Extracts from a work we have already quoted, to wit—*A Calm Examination into the Causes of the present Alarm in the Empire*, where, speaking of religion, our author says, page 36—

" Though I confess my inability to reconcile the absolute Prescience of the Deity, and the moral liberty of men, yet I will not accede to the position, that Atheism can be consonant with true philosophy. The human mind is too finite to grapple with an immeasurable idea. I hate the zealot for a dogma; but I fear God, as the author and protector of my existence. The scientific may sometimes be sophists; but the wise are always sufficiently possessed of themselves to know they are men. If any professor of *diabolism* exists, who wishes to accelerate the oblivion of our moral duty, and deprive us of that grace of sentiment, which can only be attached to a confirmed dependence for our felicity on the behest of the Omnipotent Universal Spirit, *I hope his powers of ideal propagation may be arrested for ever!*"

Such then is the language, such, it appears, the religious ideas of a man, whom the modest, the delicate, the amiable Mr. Garrison, the sapient, the tolerant, the charitable Mr. Gifford, stigmatize as a blasphemer! Such the man, whom they represent as an *apostate from his God!* a *rebel to his King*, and a *defanier of the Royal Family!* Where will calumny at length stop?

I cannot

I cannot, however, dismiss the subject of this memorable trial, without animadverting, and I trust with all due decorum, on an observation made by his Lordship in his address to the Jury, purporting—"that the publication complained of in the declaration " applied to the plaintiff *merely in the character of ANTHONY PASQUIN.*"—Here his Lordship appears evidently to have been misled, as the name of JOHN WILLIAMS was expressly attached to the libel. But, not improbably, Mr. GIFFORD, in his report of this trial, may have misrepresented his Lordship's speech, at which we should not in the least feel surprised, as we find him, in a very few lines further on, in one and the self-same breath, asserting a direct falsehood in point of fact, as well as a gross *libel* upon the noble Judge.

" The Jury, (we are told, *Epistle to Peter Pindar*, page 17) " without a moment's hesitation, non-suited the plaintiff, and " the audience hissed him out of Court."

Now, respecting this passage, we have two observations to make. In the first place, to hiss any person publicly in a Court of Justice, is a punishable offence, and a species of indecorum, which we are persuaded neither Lord KENYON, nor any other Judge in his capacity would suffer to pass uncorrected. Secondly, the whole of this paragraph is utterly false, we had almost bestowed upon it its proper name. So far from suffering this indignity, ANTHONY PASQUIN was not present in Court. The first intelligence he received of the trial, was in the Park, on his way to town, from Brompton; and it was from Mr. GIFFORD's own bookseller that he learnt the issue of the business. That bookseller could further inform Mr. GIFFORD, if he judged it expedient, that he attacked Anthony in a very brutal manner on the loss of the trial; and, indeed, conducted himself with such violence, that, had not the experience of the day been sufficient to deter ANTHONY from having easy recourse a second time to law, [an action for an assault would immediately have been commenced against the culprit.

From these, and similar instances, we may perceive how cautious we ought to be in according implicit credit to the assertions

and statements, which Mr. Gifford pleases to give us. Indeed, were it not for this consideration, that little reliance is to be placed on Mr. Gifford's Report, we should have been tempted to animadvert on several parts of the speech attributed to Mr. Garrow, where he tells us, that "Nature has set her mark upon the plaintiff, (because Mr. Williams, forsooth, is rather of a swarthy complexion) and pointed him out, as the *common enemy of all mankind!*"

This, we are persuaded, must be a gross misrepresentation! Mr. Garrow could not possibly render himself guilty of such gross brutality. Reasoning on the same principle, all the infirmities of our nature might become the ground of moral impeachment; and a person labouring under any grievous disorder, a *fistula*, a *gangren*, or a *sciatica*, might be immediately held up to public execration, as a marked instance of Almighty vengeance; as the foe of God and man. Such illiberality would ill accord with the modest, the amiable, the delicate character of the person to whom this speech is attributed; and when, therefore, Mr. Gifford puts these brutal sarcasms into the mouth of Mr. Garrow, we are persuaded that gentleman is libelled. And though we know from experience, that certain persons in certain situations, where they have every thing their own way, are apt to allow themselves considerable latitude of speech, and (to apply a homely, but pertinent proverb) like the cock to crow and strut on their own dunghill, we never can force ourselves into a belief, that Mr. Garrow could utter the expressions which Mr. Gifford has thought proper to print with his name, and in which he bandies about the epithets, *wretches*, *felons*, *pestilential paupers*, and a variety of similar opprobrious terms, with all the flippancy of an Old Bailey Solicitor, or the practical knowledge of one, who had imbibed the rudiments of his education in the august seminary of Newgate.

Upon the whole then, it appears, that this *trial* has been annexed to the *Baviqd*, &c. for unworthy and dishonourable purposes—for the purpose of reviving and perpetuating the libel complained of. It appears, that a systematic plan of vilifying the plaintiff's character has influenced the conduct of the writer; and that knowing ANTHONY PASQUIN to be an object of marked persecution,

persecution, the author has dastardly availed himself of that obloquy, to injure with impunity, and waded through thick and thin, *per fas et nefas*, to accomplish his aim. We have been acquainted with Mr. Williams for a considerable length of time, and we can with truth affirm, that we never knew a single instance of a charge, which involved his honour and integrity, either as a man, or as a public writer, that has been brought home and proved against him. Mr. Williams has, indeed, like all other satirical authors, created more enemies than friends; he has attacked many, and has been attacked in turn: but upon the whole, he appears to be a character *greatly misrepresented*--a “man more sinned against, than sinning.”

Here, then, we take our leave of Mr. Gifford and his literary squabbles, recommending to him, the next time he takes up the *tomahawk*, to pay a greater regard to truth, to decency, and to his own character. At the same time, we most solemnly assure our readers, that the above vindication of Mr. WILLIAMS's reputation and conduct is entirely spontaneous on our part, and in every sense of the word, without that gentleman's concurrence and agency. We have only done what we conceive our duty. We have endeavoured to *right the injured*, and expose to merited reprobation, a premeditated system of *literary assassination*. So little have we been influenced, much less applied to, by Mr. WILLIAMS, that that gentleman was not apprized of our intentions respecting himself, till we had publicly announced our work.

Finally, we do not pretend to consider the present *Epistle to Mr. Gifford*, as a complete refutation of that writer's calumnies. For such a task, we have neither leisure nor inclination. On the other hand, we can assure him, that it has not cost us *two days* to read and answer his pamphlet. And such, indeed, has been the press of our other avocations, that not a single line of the whole of the present Number was written last Saturday morning.

ERRATUM.—In the *Translation of the Greek and Latin Mottos, &c.* page 26, instead of *Sedronius Hoselius*—read *Sidronius Hoschius*

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